

breasts get lathered and
sopped. Where will
all of this go, those eyes,
that touch, these songs
sung every day till dusk
and dark. Only the
gravedigger's whistling
lingers awhile as he
stows away his shovel
and wipes his dirty hands,
picturing a tall foaming
beer at the nearby bar
as he drives off adjusting
the rear-view mirror of his
brand-spanking-new car.

YOUR FAVORITE POEM

The first time is like a
beautiful woman suddenly
undressing just for you.
The second time is when
you're still reeling from
its being just for you.
But by the third, fourth,
or fifth time, you realize
that you aren't the first
and you won't be the last
or the one and only. So,
a year or two later you're
only phoning her now and
then, or she sends you a
postcard, from the south of
France or a small Montana
farm, depending on her
temperament. You look her
up today, and when she
undresses for you for old
times' sake, she does it
slowly, not suddenly, and
you notice a few crinkles
around her eyes, a gray hair
or two, and you think she
may have gained some weight,
but none of it looks bad
on her. And when the dress
slides off, you see she still
has the most beautiful legs.

— Alan Jeffries

Shadyside OH